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SAXON LITERATURE.

Extract of a Letter from Dresden.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the deep wounds inflicted on our country by the pressure of the times, this capital of Saxony still maintains its ancient glory of being the Temple of the fine Arts, and the seat of hospitality. By the judicious exertions of Count Nitzhum, Superintendent of the Royal Theatres, both the Italian Opera and the German Theatre have been placed on a footing that merits the highest praise. 'Vandyke's Life in the Country,' by Frederick Vint, opens a new class of Dramas, and by the beauty of the poetry, the illusion of the scenery, and the admirable performance of the actors, combines with uncommon effect all the theatrical arts. It has been repeatedly performed with continually increasing applause. Our principal painters, Matthæi, Hartmann, Von Kugelgen, Klenzel, &c. produce admirable works of every class; and if Grassi leaves us to go to Rome, where he is appointed Director of the Saxon school in that city, we have, however, many valuable additions to the number of our Artists. Among these is the ingenious sculptor Matthæi, who is come from Italy to us, with his Roman wife. In the drawing and model room of our academy, students are daily at work, and a very useful Sunday school is established for the apprentices of mechanics, in whose professions a knowledge of drawing is necessary. The King's wardrobe, (called the Grüne Gewölbe,) which has been closed for many years on account of the unfavorable times, has been opened to the curious since the end of the summer; and being arranged in nine saloons, in a much better manner than before, offers a most instructive and entertaining exhibition of the treasures of nature and art."

Plan of a general Association of learned and scientific men, and of Artists of all Nations, for accelerating the progress of Civilization, of Morals, and of Illumination. By the Abbé Gregoire, Ex-Bishop of Blois. Translated and arranged by Sir T. Charles Morgan, M. D. (Continued.)

To ask whether an association of the literary and scientific men of all nations would forward the interests of civilization, is in other words, to demand whether the removal of an enormous mass is best accomplished by applying our forces separately and individually, or by employing them simultaneously and in combination. We have but to recal the fable of the Bundle of Sticks, adopted in the heraldry of so many corporations, with its appropriate device of "our union is our force." In proportion as we advance in the succession of ages, discoveries multiply, and less remains to be ascertained. Machinery and processes, which genius alone could have invented, are reconstructed and repeated with little intellectual effort; and aphorisms, which required the most abstruse reflection to elicit, are retained and applied by a mere act of memory. But before such results become the property of mankind, how much time is lost in balancing conjectures, and in examining opinions! what efforts have been necessary to separate facts from systems! It was only thro' ughts

dreams of Alchymy and of Astrology, that we have arrived at the sciences of Chemistry and of Astronomy. The recollection of these aberrations is not without utility, inasmuch as it indicates the rocks upon which our predecessors have split; but, on the other hand, the history of the sciences affords new materials for burthening the memory, already overladen by other causes.

Hitherto, however, the discoveries of those who have gone before us, by enlarging the horizon of the human intellect, have only opened a wider career to their successors; a career, indeed, whose extent knows no limits. Years, nay ages may pass away, before the reproductive germs of the cryptogamia are satisfactorily ascertained, and that class blotted from the system of Linnæus.

This multiplication of facts either developed or indicated merely for enquiry; this complication of objects and of relations, leads naturally to a search after some clue for traversing the labyrinth it creates, and gives birth to improvements in analysis, which by generalizations, and by the classifying of objects, originates sounder methods of philosophy, and thus *staking out* the routes of science, renders them at once shorter and more certain.

The earliest writer who presented the different parts of human knowledge to our contemplation, as springing, like the branches of a tree, from one common stock, and as forming together one connected and continuous whole, was Bacon. The sciences have all indeed an air of family resemblance, and their mutual relation cannot be mistaken, when the intermediate links are seized by which they are united. Thus it may be remarked, that RAMEAU successfully applied geometry to music, and LEONET to midwifery; and it was by the efforts of persons, at once skilled in sculpture and in chemistry, that means were discovered for removing that vegetable growth which corrodes the surface of marbles, destroys the lustre of their polish, and threatens the permanence of their forms. How many edifices are there, on the other hand, destined for public assemblies, which, instead of reverberating the eloquence of the orator, reduce all sounds to an inarticulate murmur, and which would have been more happily constructed, if the phenomena of acoustics were not unknown to the generality of architects!

The sciences of medals and of botany, may in like manner be successfully applied to elucidate each other; nor is there any branch of erudition less perfectly cultivated than that which seeks illustrations of the history of the arts in works which have no immediate connexion with the subject. BRECKMAN, following in the steps of SANCIOLE, has most particularly distinguished himself in this career: the memoirs of AMEILHON, on the Spartium, on the tinctorial plants, and on the colouring materials of the ancients; those of MORGEE on their tissues, and on their methods of working the metals, are convincing evidences of the importance of this mode of research. The writings of PAUL ZACCHERIOS, of CANGIAMILA, &c. consulted alike by lawyers, physicians, and divines, attest the connexion between the learned professions; but the literary and scientific are by no means sufficiently acquainted with the miscellaneous information scattered through the works of authors purely ascetic. Few are aware, that three lines of St. AUGUSTIN, *

* See Rapport fait à l'Institut par VAUQUELIN, &c. &c. sur le nettoiemment des Statues, &c. 18 Thermidor, An. 8. This effect is produced by covering the surfaces with a preparation of wax. T.

* Questiones medico legale.

* Homily on Lazarus.

* Embryologia.

against the torture, contain an abridgment of all that modern juriconsults have said on this subject; that in the homilies of St. ASTERE D'AMASSE¹ there are some curious details respecting embroidery; that St. BASIL² has indicated the method employed by sailors for obtaining fresh water at sea, by collecting the vapour of the boiling fluid in sponges; that in the writings of Bishop SYNEZIVUS there is a description of the Astrolabe; or that the works of St. ISIDORE, Bishop of Seville, and those of the Dominican Monk, VINCENT DE BEAUVAIS, abound in curious details of agriculture, &c.

It is seldom that discoveries are hit off at once: if by a lucky hazard such an event does occasionally take place, as in the case of the telescope, and of the composition of Prussian blue, it much more usually happens, that inventions are perfected by a continued series of efforts. The first notions of the Newtonian system may perhaps be traced in the writings of the venerable BÉDE;³ nor would it in the least detract from the elevation at which the English philosopher is offered to the admiration of posterity, should we even suppose him to have borrowed from that source.

Universal genius, Encyclopedic acquirement, is a chimæra more than ever appreciated at its legitimate value. The pretension of a PICUS MIRANDOLA would meet in our own days with inevitable ridicule. Some authors, indeed, of peculiar genius, have written with success upon subjects extremely different. LEIBNITZ was at once a great geometrician and an erudite scholar. But if, with a few exceptions, great extent of surface betrays a proportionate shallowness, it is still true, that the different branches of science vivify each other, and that none can be successfully cultivated in perfect insulation. It is to this conviction that we owe the project of a society,⁴ destined to embrace at once the Sciences and the Belles Lettres, and to facilitate the means of their progress and extension.

It may perhaps be objected, that for the legitimate purposes of scientific union, the intercourse by the post and by commerce, and above all, by the interchange of books, is sufficient: that voyagers are constantly employed in disseminating the discoveries of distant nations, and that in some instances even the diplomatic agents co-operate to the same end. But if men of letters exert themselves to approximate and connect the people of different nations, the rivalry of governments, by fomenting national hatred and exciting religious feuds, but too effectually interferes to break the chain of communication. Five and twenty years of dearly earned experience sufficiently prove the truth of this proposition.

If the utility of any such literary communication between different nations be undeniable, a project which tends to ensure and extend it, needs no justification. LALANDE, the astronomer, felt the importance of this intercourse, and GOTHO, under the auspices of an enlightened government, was even enabled to procure an assembly of astronomers. As this congress could not be annually brought together, GOTHO endeavoured to supply its place, by publishing yearly a conspectus of astronomical labours and discoveries; an useful undertaking, that might be beneficially extended to such other branches of science as are cultivated by a few well-known persons; such particularly is that of the education of the deaf and dumb.

That the existing means of communication are not sufficient, is abundantly evident; for notwithstanding the more active intercourse which subsists between men of science, than among the mere literati, the most useful inventions are propagated with extreme tardiness.

In a well regulated city the poorest streets are lighted, from motives of police, equally with the gayest quarters; and is moral illumination of less importance to the community? Considerations like these cannot be deemed digressive. They

spring naturally from the subject, and have an obvious connexion with the ends and object of the project under consideration; with the facilitating scientific communication, the circulation of discoveries, the propagation of good writings and sound ideas, and the dissemination in all countries of every species of industry which their climate and circumstances will permit them respectively to adopt.

It is an obvious argument, for cavilling and criticism, that the happiest efforts of human intellect have been made, independently of academic assistance; that HOMER and HÆSTON produced their Chef-d'œuvres in solitude; that THEOCRITUS received no aids in composing his poetry, but such as the mere aspect of nature afforded, and that TACITUS was not a member of any learned society: but it is too much to conclude, from such instances, that academics are altogether useless. In certain branches of study, it is true, these institutions are of less avail than in others, and too often they have become injurious, by their attempts at monopoly; but are we to suppose that HERODOTUS, PLATO, or PLINY, would not gladly have embraced the advantages which academic establishments hold forth for increasing the stock of human information?

Travelling, it is true, tends to rectify old notions and to suggest new; but the power of rambling has its limits, and it is far from being within the reach of every member of the learned corps: and to this deficiency scientific communication is the natural supplement. In works of pure reflection, associations are unquestionably less useful—the “*Essay on the Human Understanding*,” the “*Research after Truth*,” or the poem “*On the Imagination*,” might have been completed by Locke, Malbranche, or Delille in a desert; but to infer that academics capable of purifying the taste, of clearing up difficulties, and opening new subjects to meditation, are positively useless, is a most forced and unwarrantable conclusion. Shall nothing also be allowed for that enthusiasm and emulation which must ever spring from the intercourse between persons united in the common career of noble and of useful enquiries?

Antiquity was acquainted with but two learned languages; for the Hebrew was of too restricted an use to be taken into the account. Besides these, and the numerous Asiatic dialects which occupy the moderns, there are at least ten or twelve European languages employed by the literati of the present day, and the number is yet daily increasing. The Russians, the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Illyrians begin to possess a literature of their own; and this multiplication of languages raises new barriers to separate the learned. The ancients had in this respect great advantage over the moderns, who are condemned to spend a very considerable portion of their lives in the study of words, that they may not remain ignorant of very many things. The memory thus loaded becomes less capable of useful application: what numbers are there, among the learned, so encumbered with this baggage as to be unable to compose or even to analyse a work of moderate ratiocination and sequence of idea! Thus the importance of a scientific congress is daily increasing; if it be only considered as a means of promoting the translations of foreign works, and of creating a more frequent correspondence, both verbal and epistolary, between the learned, now so widely diffused over the surface of the earth.

The utility then of the project seems incontrovertibly proved; let us next examine if its establishment be possible.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

LETTER II.

TABITHA, my good sister, this head of mine is distracted. The cracking of whips, the bawling of newsmen, the grinding of organs, and a hundred carriages rattling through my brain—these are the tunes my pen is dancing to.

I have now travelled over a great part of the city, and

¹ De civitate Dei.

² Tom. I. p. 51. Homily on the Hexhemeron.

³ See antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, Edit. 2. Lon. pp. 338, 339. Bede de ratione tempor. cap. 27. p. 116.

⁴ The French Institute, now dissolved into separate Academies.

such a city! Actually the people here make no difference between a mile and a step. They told me it was only a step from Bond-street to Temple-bar. Fancy then a step where you are jostled by two thousand passengers, and where, before you have struggled half way, you feel the greatest mind in the world to turn into a shop and make your will. Here a fellow forces a slip of paper upon you, which directs you either to a property or to a pill. Next comes a creature four feet high, and attempts, as he passes, to raise his umbrella over your own. Then you must stand five minutes at a corner, while a black coalheaver and his black horses go by in slow procession. I say nothing of mud. My washer-women and I must settle that account.

But a still greater hindrance arises from a set of ungainly walkers who infest all the fashionable streets. They consist, for the most part, of certain prim ladies and gentlemen, who have acquired a knack of walking too fast and too slow at the same time;—too fast for the lazy loungers, and too slow for the smart men of business; besides going so zigzag, that just when you think you have got room to pass them, they tack right ahead, and let you drop back into their wake. And yet, strange to tell, the pathways are crowded with girls, who, I am informed, are walkers of streets by profession. I wish with all my heart these prim ladies and gentlemen would take lessons from them.

But nothing astonished me more, as I went along, than the unseemly contiguity of hovels and palaces, of shops that perfume and shops that stink. A butcher's trough and a nobleman's portico are no uncommon neighbours: an undertaker sticks himself by the side of a toyman; even a Prince's house, they tell me, stands in a stable-yard; and I have myself seen jewels glittering next door to fat bacon; and thus, without a metaphor, throwing pearls before swine.

But no wonder these incongruities of architecture should occur, where we see just as great an anomaly of manners. The only difference here between menials and gentlemen is this, that the footman endeavours to be as genteel as his master, and the master tries hard to be as vulgar as his footman. Would you suppose there are coachmen in town worth thirty thousand a-year? Truly there are, Sister; but the jest is, that so far from making their money by driving, they often contrive to lose every farthing of it! At first I missed seeing a number of our greatest characters, because I foolishly looked *into* their coaches for them. But, in this way, I saw all their coachmen and grooms. These, you must know, have the inside places, and commonly amuse themselves with grinning at the multitude; who, however, are too busy grinning at their masters, to perceive them.

As for the dresses of the people, were I not certain you repose unlimited confidence in my veracity, you should not have a single line on the subject. What will you say when I tell you, that half our fine gentlemen are shod with horse shoes? the fact is notorious; nay, often have I jumped aside from couples of them clattering at my heels, lest I should be run over.

But if they affect the dray-horse about the heel, they pique themselves upon having a waist like a wasp. You might think Garagantua had caught them by the middle, and squeezed it miserably: you might fancy a thousand horrid causes: some new disorder, some Ovidian punish-

ment, but you will never it upon—a pair of stays! Yet so it is, our beaus, our patriarchs, our very heroes wear ladies' stays. There was a most promising young fellow shot through the stays at Waterloo, who unhappily died of an hæmorrhage before he could be unlaced.

But how shall I describe to you the costume of the women? Though it is now the middle of winter, they clap whole baskets of flowers on their heads: they are walking gardens; Eves in the street by their roses, and Eves in the drawing-room by their nakedness.

Others however prefer black bonnets of a most awful height; so that if they have not tongues of Babel, at least they have its Tower. This bonnet is surmounted with a drooping plume of black feathers, while the rest of the dress is gaudy to a very rainbow. The whole seems a composition between a Lord Mayor's coach and a hearse. Nay, 'tis said, that under this hearse they sometimes wear tresses cut from the head of a murderess, or a hanged she-poisoner of good-natured families. There may be some moral in this intimacy between beauty and the grave, but really there appears to be very little taste.

As for their putting on trowsers, I confess I am not surprised at the phenomenon. If men will stoop to wear stays, it follows naturally enough, that women will wear the breeches.

But there is one natural charm which I had thought fashion itself would never attempt to change—a straight back. Yet, now-a-days, the spine must seem broken before a lady can be well made; and to make the fracture easier, the waist must take its rise under her armpits. A little stuffing completes the piece of humpy gentility; but I shall never think the picture perfect, till she arrives at the decrepid appendage of a long cane.

Only last year women walked with their pockets in their hands, and men with their hands in their pockets. Since then, times are grown bad; so men do not care to feel much where nothing can be found. But where should you suppose women have their pockets now? I will tell you—between their blade-bones!!! By the shades of the Ap Fluellens, 'tis true. The fillies strap portmanteaus upon their backs and canter into the streets!

Any morning that I go out, and find the fashions altered, I shall let you know. In the meanwhile, there are other topics. I need not describe the public buildings, which the family I am amongst (of whom, by the way, you shall hear), have taken me to see. They have already shown me the Tower, St. Paul's, and the Bazaar,—a place where you buy bad things with bad money. We had fixed on yesterday for Westminster-Hall; but the place being too crowded, we went away. However, we found no bad substitute in a visit to Bedlam. Farewell.

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CRITICAL ANALYSIS.

Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of the Right Hon. R. B. SHERIDAN: with a particular Account of his family and connexions. By John Watkins, LL. D.

THE death of the distinguished character who forms the subject of the present volume, although he had for some years withdrawn from public life, and although it was attended with no political consequences whatsoever, excited perhaps a stronger general sensation throughout the whole of society, than that of any of those contempo-

raries, of whose labours he was the partner, and whose abilities he is supposed by some to have equalled, and by others to have surpassed. He had been far more widely conversant amongst all sorts and conditions of men, than any of them. The character of Mr. Pitt was in the highest degree lofty and retired; the society of Mr. Burke was confined principally to his literary and political friends; and Mr. Fox, in the company of those with whom he was not familiarly acquainted, was silent, embarrassed, and reserved. But Mr. Sheridan, from his situation as Proprietor of a Theatre, and from his own natural disposition, was more or less well-known to multitudes throughout all the various orders of life, that are to be found in this great metropolis. Many had themselves witnessed the inimitable flow and the fascinating good-humour of his wit; almost all had heard and laughed at the repetition of his jests; and even his follies and vices, as far as they were known, were of such a character as, in spite of reproof and admonition, will still excite the interest, and even conciliate the affection of the generality of mankind. Every thing about him was popular—he possessed much, that was calculated to command the admiration of the wise and the judicious; but even his faults were such as delude and delight the middle and the lower orders of society. Hence, his eloquence which, vigorous as it was at times, was also often extremely false and meretricious, is held up in the temporary writings of the day as superior to the more severe and perfect oratory possessed and displayed by Pitt and Fox; and his public conduct is extolled as an example of right feeling and patriotism upon those occasions, when in fact it was the most theatrical and ostentatious.

But whatsoever were the imperfections either of his talents or of his political life, we cannot help thinking, that the work before us does not do adequate justice to the former, and treats the latter with an undue and undeserved asperity—of this we shall adduce presently a few instances; but we must first observe, that the volume commences with a detailed account of Dr. Sheridan, the friend and companion of Swift, which was, perhaps, already sufficiently well known. It then proceeds to narrate the whole of the Theatrical career of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the father of the late Mr. Sheridan, as well as the works of his mother, who was undoubtedly a woman of rare merit, of great virtues, and great abilities; for whose memory Mr. Sheridan always felt the greatest gratitude and veneration.

The account of the early years of Mr. Sheridan's life, comprising his education and his marriage, may possibly be upon the whole correct; it is, however, not favorable to this conclusion that we know it to be otherwise in two instances. It is certain, that Mr. Sheridan was, in conjunction with Mr. N. B. Halhed, the author of a free imitation in verse, of the Epistles of Aristænetus, which is positively denied in the 125th page of this volume, and the verses beginning—

Mark'd you her eye of heav'nly blue—

were not, as is asserted by Dr. Watkins, addressed to Miss Linley, but to Lady Margaret Fordyce, as may be seen by a reference to the poem from which they are extracted, which may be found in the collection of pieces intitled, "The Foundling Hospital for Wit," under the signature of "Asmodeo," a word composed of the initial

names of the authors of the verses, amongst whom the two first were probably Anstey and Sheridan. These are mistakes, perhaps, of no great consequence; but they are the mistakes of an author who professes great accuracy, and who is extremely sarcastic upon the errors of others, who have employed themselves upon the same subject before him.

A misrepresentation of a far more serious nature occurs in page 144, where the author having strongly condemned the well-known decisive act by which Mr. Sheridan commenced his career, of withdrawing his wife, whose vocal talents were of the highest order, from all public exhibitions whatsoever—an act which was absolutely necessary, if he had then conceived those projects of ambition which he afterwards fulfilled—proceeds to charge him with suffering Mrs. Sheridan to have private subscription concerts at her own house, "by which," in the words of the work, "it is probable, more was obtained than could have been received in the display of her skill and melody at places of general admission—thus the same thing was practised with a finer name." Our limits will only allow us to observe upon this passage, that we believe it to be utterly destitute of the slightest foundation in fact.

From the year 1775, until the year 1779, Mr. Sheridan produced his celebrated dramatic works, upon all of which Dr. Watkins pronounces a judgment, not entirely unjust or unfounded, but extremely harsh and unfavourable. He is, we fear, an enemy to the fame of him, whose life he has undertaken to write. He gleans up every criticism, spares no hostile observation, and eagerly seizes upon and exaggerates every fault, which he thinks he discovers; but he takes no pains to set in their true light, for they need no more, the transcendent and peculiar excellencies of these compositions.—The School for Scandal, indeed, and the Critic, extort from him, for his own sake we apprehend, strong general approbation; but then he makes amends to himself, by attributing much of the latter piece to Mr. Tickell, and by throwing out we know not what vague stories, to impeach Mr. Sheridan's title as the author of the former. We have the misfortune not to coincide in taste with Dr. Watkins. We cannot concur in the cold commendation, mixed with bitter censure, which he bestows upon (p. 167.) the Monody upon the death of Garrick; a production not without faults, but still of great felicity of conception, and great beauty of execution; nor can we sanction the unqualified praise he lavishes upon the Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood, (p. 177.) which strikes us as laborious, unsuccessful, and as just a specimen as could have been chosen of the prevailing faults of Sheridan's style, both in poetry and oratory.

In the year 1780, Mr. Sheridan entered into public life. The various political transactions in which Mr. Sheridan was engaged, and the debates in which he bore a part, are detailed at considerable length from that period until the year 1788. The narrative is sufficiently faithful, but heavy and cumbrous, and may be justly criticised, as being rather an inadequate history of the time, than a biographical account of the Politician. This series of years presents a series of events of the utmost importance—the overthrow of Lord North's administration—the unfortunate and ill-timed death of Lord Rockingham, which put an end to the administration that bore his name—the doubtful and much-contested measure of the coalition—

the overthrow of Lord Shelburne's administration—the India bill, and the dismissal of the Coalition Ministers—the accession of Mr. Pitt to power—the Irish propositions, the Commercial Treaty—and the Trial of Mr. Hastings—throughout all these momentous transactions, Dr. Watkins pronounces almost invariable condemnation upon Mr. Sheridan, and those with whom he was politically connected. To every action he imputes the worst motives, and in some instances undervalues and detracts from their abilities. Of the accused Governor General of India, he appears to be an eager advocate, and he is not content with accusing the Managers for the Commons of the greatest violence and injustice, in conducting the trial, but ascribes to them, in pages 249 and 250, the basest motives for commencing the prosecution. There are many representations, both of facts and opinions, in this latter, as well as in the former part of the work, upon which we should have wished to make some observations—they open a wide field, and present to us many subjects, both interesting and important; but we are restrained by our limits; and in dismissing the subject, we would venture to address one word of advice to Dr. Watkins upon the further prosecution of his work.—He is now approaching that awful course of events, which is known under the general name of the French Revolution. In entering upon that field of misery and blood, in treating of that fearful dispensation of Providence, and of the conduct of the public men of all countries, whose lot was cast in those difficult times, we earnestly exhort him to dismiss from his mind all prejudice and prepossession, to reconsider his subject with the most careful attention, and to feel in giving his decision, that to preserve the most rigorous impartiality is the bounden duty of an Historian.

Eccentricities for Edinburgh—Poems, by GEORGE COLMAN the Younger.

Miss Plumptre tells us, that she travelled from London to Bristol for the purpose of embarking at Liverpool. Mr. Colman, we find, writes his book in London, and prints it in Edinburgh. He seems to think, that an author should resemble a leaper, and begin his career at some distance, in order to *take a run*. "Eccentricities," therefore, is a most appropriate name for this production; not nominal imitations; inasmuch as, while the centre of its attraction was to be London, it went all the way to Edinburgh for its aphelion. The comet has now, however, appeared above our English horizon: we have pointed our glasses at it, and traced its course, with no small pleasure, through the whole of its orbit—down from its perihelion in the "Sun-poker," to the sign of the twins, in "Bunn and Bunt."

Indeed we do not hesitate to say, that we consider this, by far, the happiest of Mr. Colman's efforts. Where he condescends to the Hogarthisms of Peter Pindar, he surpasses his original; neither does he fall at all short, where he adopts the Flemish school of Pratt. But where he chuses to be himself, he may defy competition.

The most agreeable of his "Eccentricities," is "The Luminous Historian"—a story founded on Gibbon's amorous visit to a young damsel up an Alpine hill. We cannot resist inserting a stanza or two.

"Alas! he cried, pedestrious I depart,
To scale Olympus, and a Goddess find:

Not seeing her will almost break my heart,
And getting at her almost break my wind.
Never did body trifle so with mind!
So raise its projects, and so knock them flat!
Never was amorous lump of humankind
So self-suspended between this and that;

So goaded by the flesh—so hindered by the fat!"
After he had happily surmounted all these obstacles,
and was seated beside his nymph,

"—the Fair pursued
Her prattle, which on literature flowed;
Now changed her author, now her attitude,
And much more symmetry than learning showed.
Endoxus watched her features, while they glowed,
Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound;
And, rescuing his cushion from its load,
Flounced on his knees, appearing like a round
Large fillet of hot veal, just tumbling on the ground."

At this spectacle, his Agnes laughs outright, and the
sheepish lover tries to rise;

"But Fate and Corpulency seemed to say,
Here's a Petitioner that must for ever pray."

At last a servant came.

"Then heaved upon his legs the man whose name
Is lifted up so high by never-dying Fame."

The stately stanza of Spencer, made fashionable again by Childe Harold, has a happy effect in this poem. The grotesque figures of Colman never danced better than to the dead march of Byron.

We cannot, however, conclude, without entering our decided protest against those indelicacies and indecencies which deform the volume. '*La mere en defendra la lecture fillesa.*'

LES BATTUECAS, par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis,
2 vols. 12mo.

WHAT is a dithyrambic? said a lady to a poet who presented to her a work under that name:—what is the meaning of *Las Battuecas*? was the exclamation of all the ladies of Paris, when they first heard of this new production of a celebrated and fertile pen. This singular and whimsical name, which neither gives pleasure to the ear, nor excites recollection, and which indicates no particular subject, would have been fatal to the work of any other writer; and the book of an obscure author, with this obscure title, would probably have been allowed to remain undisturbed on the bookseller's shelf. But if the name of the Battuecas be little known, all are well acquainted with that of Madame de Genlis. It always rouses our curiosity; and though the titlepage should convey nothing to the mind or the imagination, we are always certain that mind and imagination will be displayed in a work of hers. But, before we proceed to notice more particularly this last offspring of her pen, we shall endeavour to throw some light on the title.

Viene de las Battuecas.—"He comes from the Battuecas," is a Spanish proverb, used to indicate a simpleton, one who knows nothing that is passing around him, and who is slow in comprehending the plainest things. Such is the idea which might naturally be formed of a detached tribe, inhabiting a spot separated from the rest of the world and deprived of all communication with civilized men.

Father Feijoo, in his *Teatro-Critico* (tom. 4, 5 edition, Madrid, 1749,) mentions it as a prevalent opinion in Spain, that the inhabitants of the valley of the Battuecas (a wild district among the mountains of the Bishopric of Coria,

in the neighbourhood of the Pena Francica, fourteen leagues from Salamanca, and eight from Ciudad-Rodrigo) lived several ages in that sequestered spot, without having any communication with the rest of Spain, to which they were unknown, and of which they themselves knew nothing. The following is the manner in which this mysterious valley is represented to have been discovered. A page and a lady's maid of the family of Alva, wishing to marry without the knowledge of their master, or having already committed a fault, the usual consequences of which they had reason to apprehend, were therefore desirous of withdrawing themselves from the Duke's anger and public censure, directed their course towards the Battuecas. After wandering long through difficult and tortuous paths, they at length crossed the summit of the mountain, and were soon astonished at finding in the valley below, a race of men completely savage, speaking an unknown tongue, strangers to all commerce with their neighbours, and actually persuaded that they were the only inhabitants of this earth. The two fugitives soon published the discovery they had made, and the Duke of Alva, on hearing of their adventure, thought only of bestowing the benefits of 'civilization' on this race of a new species, and he was fortunate enough to succeed in this project. The epoch of this discovery is fixed about the middle of the reign of Philip II. who ascended the throne in 1556, and died in 1598.

It is true that Feijoo and other authors state facts which throw discredit on this account; but with these historical investigations Madame de Genlis had no concern. She wanted only a foundation, and the popular story served her purpose. Sure of embellishing whatever she touches, she relied on her own strength in sustaining the edifice she had resolved to rear on an imaginary basis.

It is not until her work is somewhat advanced that Madame de Genlis introduces her readers to the *Battuecas*. The commencement of the first volume turns entirely on the loves of Adolphe de Palmene and Caliste d'Auberive, whose parents fly from France in consequence of the Revolution. Obligated for their safety to take different roads, they agreed to meet in Spain, but Adolphe on arriving there with his father seeks in vain for Caliste and her mother. At last, after several months passed in anxiety and despair, he receives an enigmatical letter from Caliste, from which may be equally concluded, either that she is in a convent which she does not wish to leave, or in a prison whence she cannot escape, or in the power of some rival who has forced her to write; or any other dreadful supposition may be formed. He received other letters equally obscure, and in the melancholy state of mind produced by these communications he enters the famous valley of the Battuecas, which, according to Madame de Genlis, remains still undiscovered in 1806. There he finds a hero far more extraordinary than the valley—a supernatural prodigy of admirable beauty and prodigious strength, who, without instruction, example, or model, had become a great musician, a great painter, and a great poet! A volume of his poems, which, unknown to him, had been printed at Madrid, formed the admiration of the Spaniards, who knew not to whom they were indebted for this master-piece of literature. The

name of this Battuecan is Placide, and endowed with the most brilliant gifts of genius, he lives amidst the other Battuecans the most simple and innocent of men. But though that ignorance and simplicity sometimes defend him against certain of the vices of civilization, they are not sufficient, it appears, to secure him against jealousy. Placide is exposed to the envy of the men, while he is the object of the predilection of all the young of the other sex. Placide, contrary to the advice of a good missionary, departs from the valley, and enters into another world, only a few leagues off, in quest of other men whom, in his modesty, he believes greatly his superiors, and whom he supposes to have much more cause to pity than to envy him. It has been the ambition of Madame de Genlis to paint the contrast of the ideas, sentiment, and prejudices, of savage and civilized man. She strikes an equitable balance between the advantages and disadvantages of the two states. She pleads the cause of society with a powerful eloquence, and sometimes attacks it with arguments equally forcible and brilliant.

The simplicity of Placide involves him in many troublesome adventures; but love soon civilizes him, and the most noble and wealthy of Spanish heiresses resolves to bestow her hand upon him. There are in this part of the work about fifty pages which are highly interesting. Passion is painted with warmth and animation; noble and delicate sentiments are gracefully expressed; and striking situations are contrived with great skill and a strict regard to probability. After this, Madame de Genlis leaves the valley of the Battuecas and Spain. She transports her reader to France, and once more introduces on the scene the first hero, Adolphe, who has returned to his country to endeavour to find his Caliste. She has perished on the scaffold! A new character is now brought forward; a young Frenchwoman, excited by public and private distress, and by the excesses of the Revolutionists, is impelled by feelings of virtue and devotedness to the highest degree of heroism.

"Et dans un foible corps s'allume un grand courage."

The horrid Spanish war reconducts the reader to the Peninsula, and the hope of again meeting with the Battuecans is revived. In fine, Placide re-appears. He rescues an infant from the flames at the moment when a whole family is about to be destroyed. This child, in consequence of a collar, a cross, &c. is recognised: and the denoument is brought about in a manner which is the most satisfactory for Placide and the fair Spaniard, and most romantic for the reader.

VARIETIES.

GAS LIGHTS.—The application of philosophical discovery to the wants and wishes of mankind, is always a subject of pleasing contemplation. This is perhaps one of the best results which can be expected from the Royal Institution, and similar establishments; and we allude to it the more especially from a very recent calculation of Mr. Brande, in one of his popular lectures in Albemarle Street.

He stated the curious fact that the adoption of Gas Illumination has produced a daily consumption of 28 chaldrons of coals in the retorts of the Gas Companies of the metropolis, for the required production of 336,000 cubit feet of Gas, whose light is equal to that of 76,500

* The date refers to the Duke of Alva, who carried on the war against the Dutch.

of Argand's lamps, each of which is equal to that of six candles! Political economists, however, are not agreed whether or not the additional consumption of coals recompenses our seamen for the correspondent diminution of maritime employment in the whale fishery.

RAPID ILLUMINATION.—In reference to the preceding article, we can state that an ingenious chymist has a plan in progress for the instant illumination of the largest buildings lighted with Gas, even where there are one thousand lights, as in extensive manufactories, &c., and upon a principle that might be applied to the metropolis itself, were it not that its adoption would throw such numbers out of employ. The plan is to produce inflammation by means of the Electric or Galvanic shock, the ends of the conducting wires being brought nearly into contact over the apertures of the tubes, similar to the common lecturing experiment of kindling spirits of wine, or forcing a hole through an insulated card.

To facilitate the ignition, a simple apparatus will fill the upper spaces of the tubes with a Gas easily inflammable, called, by Sir Humphry Davy, Hydro-phosphoric, and which Gay Lussac has lately been preparing by a slow combustion of phosphorus saturated with potash, from whence proceeds phosphorous acid; and the latter being heated rapidly in a retort with a tube bent into water, a gas is drawn off which combines a very small portion of phosphorus in proportion to its volume, and therefore is not spontaneously inflammable in contact with atmospheric air, but easily inflammable by electricity or heat.

A PERIODICAL journal in Latin is published at Paris under the title of *Hermes Romanus*. It has had considerable success, and the second volume is now in progress. The last number contains some Latin verses by a lady, Madame C. F. Julie de * * *. The subject of her poem is the Melo-drama, and she displays great knowledge of antiquity joined to classical elegance of versification. The editor replies very respectfully to his fair correspondent, though in conclusion he takes the liberty of giving her a piece of advice more recommendable for its propriety than its gallantry—*Cura familiam dein Musas*.

The Paris Papers have spoken of an English gentleman who subscribed very liberally for this journal. It was the Honorable Francis Henry Egerton, who on going to the publisher's office to get the number for December, ordered 20 copies regularly. The editor has returned his thanks in iambs.

In the last number there are some French poems, which appear there like foreigners who do not speak the language of the country. The editor apologizes for this irregularity, by observing, that these verses appear at the period of the Saturnalia. The excuse will perhaps be thought satisfactory on account of its Latinity, if the readers are as indulgent as the Jesuit who gave a student absolution on very serious sins, because he confessed them in language which reminded him of Terence.

Madame de Staël has produced a great sensation among the Literati of Italy, by an article on English and German literature, which she has inserted in the Biblioteca published at Milan; and in which she recommends to the Italians the study of Shakspeare and Schiller. Her Essay has given rise to a number of replies.

Madame de Montolieu, the author of *Caroline of Litch-*

field, resides at present in Switzerland. She is employed in translating English Novels into French, and has just published one under the title of "*Ludovico, ou le fils d'un Homme de Genie*."

Notwithstanding the calamities which have weighed upon France, the zeal for the dissemination of vaccination has not diminished. In 76 departments, according to the return, out of 626,641 children born in 1815, 251,116 have been vaccinated.

A Medical Student in Paris is now undergoing prosecution before the Criminal Tribunal, for having procured a Fellow Student to write his Thesis for him.

BAROMETERS.—Considerable improvements have taken place in these useful instruments, by which they become easily portable.—Gay Lussac has invented a new one, which allows a free entrance to the air without danger of spilling the mercury; of course it may be used without trouble or preparation in the ascent of mountains, &c.

The measuring of heights by the barometer is likely to be much facilitated, and rendered more accurate, by a table invented by Dr. Bischof, which presents the correction of the length of the mercurial column, for every change in the temperature of the atmosphere. The necessity of such corrections is evident, even for meteorological purposes, and renders it essential that the barometer should always have a thermometer attached to it.

A series of observations on the two instruments, with reference to each other, is a desideratum in a climate so changeable as that of Great Britain.

FIGURE OF THE EARTH.—From the various anomalies which have been observed by the gentlemen occupied in the grand trigonometrical survey of this kingdom, it has been ascertained that a considerable difference exists between the latitudes and longitudes of places determined astronomically, and again calculated by triangles from fixed points of survey. Some modern philosophers go so far as to assert, that astronomical calculations can no longer be considered as designating correctly the relative situation of places: and they consider these anomalies as proceeding either from irregularities in the figure of the earth itself, or from irregularities in the densities of the strata. Perhaps this applies only to the astronomical quadrant on shore, from the plumb line being attracted out of its proper line of gravity: But not to observations made at sea; or with the Hadley's quadrant and an artificial horizon.

NUMISMATOLOGY.—The science of numismata is likely to receive considerable improvement from the new invented chemical blow pipe. It has long been a subject of witticisms upon venerable antiquaries, that they pretended to read illegible coins and medals; but the fact is now realised by recent experiments of Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, whose blow pipe, with all that taste for the true ærugo which Martinus Scriblerus laughs at, actually affords a test for distinguishing ancient bronze from modern brass. The learned professor has already subjected an Egyptian bronze medal of the Ptolemies, and a medal of M. A. Antoninus to the test, and found them to consist of copper and tin without the addition of zinc, and without any perceptible difference in their qualities.

FLORAL BOTANY.—The preservation of flowers, after being culled, is always matter of interest with those who

delight in the produce of the parterre. Some curious experiments have been tried, which may eventually refer to this subject, by MRS. ANNE IBBETSON, a lady whose essays in the philosophical Magazine, upon the Physiology of Vegetables, are highly deserving of notice. She observes that she has proved that the apparent flower, whilst forming in the root, consists only of the pistil and corolla, and that a specimen, having these, if thrown on a glass, would (from the "line of life" being cut) eject moisture sufficient to continue the vegetable growth of the flowers, as long as the juices remained: and that she had known them continue in moisture sufficient, for nearly a whole week. The application of this to valuable flowers for ornament is obvious.

ARTIFICIAL CONGELATION.—The mildness of the season has been alarming to the Confectioners and others, with respect to the supply of their *Ice Cellars*; but a recent discovery by a gentleman at Blackheath, may set their anxieties at rest. He has ascertained that a new frigorific mixture, more calculated for the diminution of sensible heat than any other at present known, may be made from snow and alcohol, and consequently from ice and alcohol; the temperature of the snow, in repeated experiments, being reduced from 32° to 17°. The alcohol was not very strong; therefore a greater degree of refrigeration may be expected. The inventor is of opinion that pounded ice will not refrigerate so rapidly as snow, from its being less liable to a speedy solution.

EXPERIMENTAL DANGERS. The accidents which so frequently result from the hazardous experiments of our modern chemists, have led Dr. Clarke to consider that subject with attention. He has accordingly constructed a philosophical screen, which secures the operator from the effects of unexpected explosions, without interfering with the necessary accuracy of experiment.

RECENT EARTHQUAKES.—It is asserted by a writer in the Philosophical Magazine, that the Earthquake in Scotland, in August last, had the effect of completely filling the waters of Loch Leven with mud and sand to such a degree as to require two days for it to subside. The lake itself is about 100 feet in depth.

The casts from the antique and the modern works of Art, sent from the POPE to the PRINCE REGENT, and presented by his Royal Highness to the Royal Academy, are now arranging in the Hall, and in other convenient situations in different parts of the Royal Academy.

It is an evident proof of the mildness of the season at present, that during the past week, crocuses and daisies, "the early promise of the spring," were displayed for sale in Covent Garden Market; and round London the lilac trees are now in flower.

It is subject of regret when the discoveries of Science, for the preservation of men, are neglected, either through ignorance or obstinacy. During the past week, one life was lost, and several persons wounded, at Bagillt Colliery, on the river Dee, in Cheshire, in consequence of a candle being carried into the mine. Davy's lamp would have prevented the fatal catastrophe. We put this particularly to the consideration of our readers, who possess those valuable concerns. It is their duty to aid the extension of Science!

BATHS OF BAREGES.

A German Nobleman who visited those baths in August, 1816, wrote to a friend in Germany some interesting letters during his stay there, of which we have seen several extracts. From Bourdeaux the journey occupied six days, and was very tiresome and slow, as it was necessary to take a great quantity of luggage, Bareges itself yielding no accommodation except food, nothing that may be called comfort. But a part of the way was through a country far exceeding every thing that our traveller had ever before beheld. "I have seen," says he, "the banks of the Loire from Blois to Tours; those of the Elbe from Dresden to Meissen; but they are surpassed by La Chalousse, which is the name of this part of Bearn, about fifteen leagues in breadth. Here are vast plains covered with the finest corn, meadows, woods of oak and ash, large fields of Turkish wheat (maize), in the vineyards; not of such a melancholy aspect as those of Medoc; on the contrary, nothing can be more pleasing, more picturesque. The vines are planted in extensive fields, in the form of a quincunx, ten or twelve feet from each other. Every vine six or seven feet high, is supported by a cherry-tree, round which it twines; the tendrils embrace the boughs, which are inwreathed with the beautiful foliage of the vine; and from the top the longest shoots descend, and are carefully led in festoons to the next cherry-tree, forming in all directions the most lovely bowers with the fruit hanging on every side. The cherry trees are adorned with the glowing red of their own fruit, and the ground below is covered with maize and other corn. The whole forms a most delightful scene of fertility of the finest productions of nature, and the most luxuriant vegetation. These truly Elysian fields are watered by the Adour, which, pouring down from the mountains of Bigorre, flows in various arms, until, uniting at Bayonne, these fall into the sea. In the bosom of this lovely landscape are numerous villages, almost touching each other, and all testifying the prosperous situation of the inhabitants. The wine, however, is not good, and is distilled into brandy. But on the other hand, the cultivation of the vine, elsewhere so expensive, here costs the peasants hardly any thing. The cherry trees are the permanent, and of themselves profitable props, which in other places are very expensive. The fields are ploughed by oxen.—Such is this part of the country of Henry IVth."

The writer describes Bareges itself as a most gloomy abode, buried deep between high mountains and rugged rocks which exclude the beams of the sun, and almost the light of the day, and scarcely leave room for a few inhabitants to settle near the wonder-working springs. The town consists of a single street about 500 paces in length. The houses, about 44 in number, lean on one side of the street close against the wall of rock, and on the other hang over the Gavé, which washes the opposite wall.

The power of these hot baths is astonishingly great. They are so tonic that the writer says he was more than once obliged to interrupt the use of them for a time. They are a sovereign remedy for severe wounds, for corporal injuries of long standing, for gout, and for cancerous swellings, which are dispelled by these waters. For the latter the neighbouring baths of St. Sauveur, however, seem to be more salutary, being milder and of a more saponaceous quality. Bareges is uncommonly

full, notwithstanding the dreadful weather. A third of the houses are occupied by five numerous English families, who have been here for two months. Among them are some persons more celebrated and honoured in these parts for their beneficence than for their great wealth. Lord E. attracted by the accounts of the wonderful effects of the waters, finds himself much benefited by the use of them. General Crawford, second husband of the Duchess of Newcastle, is here for the second time. Fourteen years ago he was cured in Bareges of a dreadful fit of the gout, and out of gratitude to the Divine Author of Nature, and as a charitable gift to the unfortunate, he founded an annual revenue in perpetuity of 50 pounds sterling for the poor sufferers who seek relief in the Royal Hospital here. The following is a pleasing anecdote of the noble lord above mentioned, which shows at once his wealth and his generosity. Last week he took it into his head to send for one of the first dentists in Paris, to put his teeth in order. The dentist comes, examines his lordship's mouth, finds that nothing is necessary to be done to it, says, 'My Lord, since your mouth frequently with vinegar and water,' and gets again into his carriage to return 160 leagues and more to Paris, with 150 Louis-d'ors, which his lordship presents him for having given him so much trouble in vain. This is surely a truly characteristic English anecdote."

POMPEII.—Letters from Naples state, that there is every reason to hope that the excavations which are prosecuted with the greatest activity in the ruins of Pompeii, will soon lead to important discoveries. The operations carrying on in the interior of the forum, have already begun to lay open a Peristyle of six columns, which is doubtless part of a temple. The Minister of the interior, and the Chevalier Arditì who directs the excavations, have in consequence of this discovery ordered the number of the workmen to be increased. The portico round the Arena of the Amphitheatre is already entirely uncovered. M. Padiglione, a skilful artist, is commissioned to make a model in miniature of this monument.

Further discoveries are also making at Rome, in excavating round the ruins of the Temple of JUPITER STATOR, where the Literati have gained a treasure in some inscriptions which fill up the hiatus in the consular annals between the years 290 and 300. A. U. C.

TRAVELS IN GREECE.

By the latest accounts we learn, that Messrs. Von Stackelberg, Von Haller, Bronstedt and Cockerell, are now at Rome, where they had mutually engaged to each other to meet, in order to deliberate on the publication of their travels on an entirely new plan. Connoisseurs have seen with admiration the richly furnished portfolios of the accomplished nobleman. Von Stackelberg, who not only is a master in the art of landscape drawing, and designing after the antique, but has executed most beautifully in black chalk, several ingenious historical compositions, and also designed all the costumes of those countries, and collected a great many hitherto unknown inscriptions, and medals. M. Von Haller remained in Greece after his fellow travellers had left it, and was still at Constantinople in the beginning of the summer. Mr. Cockerell employed the interval that elapsed between

the termination of their joint four years' travels through Greece, and the meeting of the friends at Rome, partly in studies relative to the antique and the arts at Rome, and partly in a journey to Sicily, where he took the most accurate measurements of the largest temples and ruins of theatres, particularly at Agrigentum and Syracuse.

"The great architect Cockerell," says a letter from Rome, "possesses an incomparable treasure of ancient unpublished inscriptions. His drawings of Greece surpass every thing that we have yet seen from that land of the Gods. He has lately made an attempt to arrange the celebrated groupe of the family of Niobe, as it might have stood in the frontispiece of a temple, and has represented his idea in a well etched print of his own doing. Many persons however do not approve of it, because the size and number of the figures would require an immense frontispiece, and consequently an uncommonly large temple; and as the countenances are besides almost all turned upwards, it does not appear how they could be seen from below." Professor Bronstedt delivered in the winter 1815 to 16, according to a printed prospectus, lectures upon his journey to Greece, which were attended by Bishop Munster, and many other distinguished persons, but dwelling too long on the first part of his journey in Lower Italy and Epirus, which was uncommonly interesting, he could not finish his account in this course, and promised his auditors another course in the winter of 1816 to 17, unless he should depart for Rome before that time. As all the travellers have engaged not to publish any part of their travels separately, it would be dishonourable to make any public use of these verbal communications. But from a letter which Bronstedt wrote from Copenhagen on 8th April, 1816, to M. Privy Counsellor Wolf in Berlin, and which the latter has printed in the first number of the Literary Journal, it seems that the travellers mean to follow an entirely new plan in the publication of their valuable collections. The work will contain chiefly representations of the admirable works of sculpture found by them at Athens, Ægina, Phigalia, &c. numerous architectural drawings, and an historical description and explanation of the antiquities, the copper-plates of which are to be engraved by the first artists in Rome, under the eye of the travellers. Separate Numbers are to be published upon the principal places. Thus the Number Ægina or Salamis, will contain every thing new or important which they have to communicate concerning those islands, in respect either to history or the arts; in the same manner the Number Chios, or Phigalia. The other Danish traveller, Dr. Koes, died in the island of Zante, while his friend and brother-in-law Bronstedt was in Asia Minor; and though his fine collection of medals was lost after his death, all his papers came into Bronstedt's hands. The latter will direct what relates to the ancient topography, accompanied with copious observations on the manners and language of the modern Greeks, partly from his own MSS. and partly from those of Koes, which latter had applied with admirable zeal to researches upon the music of Greece, the results of which will be highly interesting to the learned world. All these in a number of Archaeological and Philological observations which he wrote down on that classic soil, will form a part of that great work, and become the most worthy monument to the honor of their great author, whose grave is

now covered by a simple marble stone, on which some lines of Homer are inscribed.

DEUX-PONTS LIBRARY.

It is with justice that the university of Heidelberg rejoices at the restitution of a considerable part of the celebrated Palatine Library, in consequence of the victories of the Allies, and of the subsequent application of the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia to his Holiness the Pope. But not to mention the large proportion of the Heidelberg Library which the Pope could not be prevailed upon to restore, there are still lying in France buried in dust and oblivion, many valuable effects, belonging to the countries on the Rhine, which await the hour of their deliverance. Among these the Library is worthy of being mentioned, which the learned Duke of Deux Ponts, John I. founded in his capital in the 16th century.

This Library, though little known in foreign countries, was highly interesting to science on account of its intrinsic value. Deux Ponts, indeed, suffered severely in the 30 years' war, and many of the treasures of learning were lost or destroyed by the fury of the soldiery, yet still 5000 volumes of books and all the MSS. belonging to this Library was saved. The latter were particularly important, as they regarded the history of the Palatinate and Bavaria; they contained many rare articles, collected by the learned Prince and his successors. For these 150 years these valuable works have been lost to Germany and to the sciences. Louis XIV. expelled Frederick Louis, Duke of Deux Ponts, occupied his capital, and in 1677, when his troops could no longer keep their ground, caused the city to be plundered and ravaged, and the Library with all the MSS., to be conveyed in 16 waggons to Rheims, in Champagne, when he made a present of them to the Archbishop of that city. Notwithstanding all the changes that the French Revolution has produced, it is most probable that the greater part of this Library is still to be found at Rheims or Paris, and it were to be wished, that by the intercession of some powerful mediator, these literary treasures like those of Heidelberg, might be at length restored to their native soil.

WINTER FOGS.—It has recently been ascertained that these fogs contain a great proportion of water, but not in a condensed state, being kept suspended by the opposing powers of the electric fluid, with which it is charged. A convincing proof of it was afforded by a curious meteorological occurrence in Westphalia, where, the fog being driven by a gentle north-east wind against the trees, the electric fluid was attracted, condensation and congelation took place, and the largest trees were torn up by the roots, by the preponderating weight of ice upon their branches.

The hoar-frost is evidently a meteoric process upon the same theory; but on a much smaller scale.

QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.—The long disputed Quadrature of the Circle is said to be at length discovered. Gruyters, a bookseller at Ruremonde, is going to publish in three languages, (French, Dutch, and Latin,) a work of which the following is the title in French: "*La Quadrature du Cercle, originelle, complete, et constante; inventée, expliquée, et prouvée à évidence, de quatre manières différentes, par J. Wilkenius Remus.*"

GÖTTINGEN.—There are near 1600 students at this University, which, under the care of the minister Von Arnswald, who zealously promotes its interests, and under the immediate protection of the highest authorities in England, maintains its ancient reputation with more lustre than ever. It possesses in Welker an Archaeologist who is capable of continuing Heyne's lectures in that department, according to the latest ideas and researches in that branch, and has just acquired in the younger Eichhorn, from Berlin, a most distinguished jurist.

PROTEUS ANGUINEUS.—Configliacchi, Professor of Physics in the University of Pavia, lately made a scientific tour through Germany, and exhibited to the learned, among other things he had, in a bottle filled with water, a living Proteus Anguineus. It is well known that this amphibious animal, (which is of the lizard kind, first described by Von Schreiber of Vienna, in 1801, and since subjected by Cuiver to a particular anatomical examination,) has been often considered merely as an incomplete *Larva*. It has no determined organs of sex; and though it has the internal construction of an eye, yet it has no real eyes, but has, at the same time, gills and lungs. About six months ago Configliacchi in his journey through Carinthia, (where alone these animals have hitherto been found, concealed in boggy subterraneous holes), succeeded in catching four of them at once in the grotto of Adelsberg. He sent three of them to Italy to be anatomically prepared and preserved in spirits of wine; the fourth he cried with him alive during the whole journey.

ASTRONOMY.—Two works by the great Astronomer, John Hieronymus Schroeter, who died on the 29th of August at Lilienthal, have been published. He edited them himself shortly before his death. 1. Observations upon this great Comet of 1811, with 4 plates; and 2. the second part of his Chronographic Fragments, which contains also Observations on the planet Vesta, with 5 plates. In the preface, the excellent man describes in an affecting manner his revival to new activity in his temple consecrated to the Deity, after the entire ruin of his property, and his scientific establishments. "In consequence of a barbarous sentence, which was executed with the most inhuman fury, the wholly innocent village of Lilienthal was burnt down without any previous enquiry. I lost the whole of my household furniture, with a great loss for the booksellers of Europe, namely, the only magazine of all my works and writings, which was in the house of the High Bailiff." (Mr. Schroeter himself filled this office.) We learn from a note, that in this fire, kindled by French barbarians, the manuscript of the second part of the Chronographic Fragments, which Schroeter had almost entirely completed, as well as all his journals of the later years, were a prey to the flames. Schroeter's Observatory was indeed spared by the fire; but was a few days after broken open and plundered of every thing.

BIBLE SOCIETIES. The Emperor Alexander has interested himself so much in the distribution of the Sacred Writings, that he has bestowed upon the Bible Association at St. Petersburg, a most magnificent building for the purpose of conferences, and literary conveniences, independent of upwards of 100,000 roubles at various periods.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

DAVID HUME TO THE COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

MADAM,—HAD I the least propensity towards Superstition, the Incident your Ladyship mentions wou'd have reviv'd that passion in me; and I shou'd certainly have imagin'd, that I was secretly attended by a Fairy, a Sylph, or a good Genius, who knew my inmost purposes and was industrious to prevent my most earnest Intentions from being frustrated. I was a short time in London last autumn, when I gave that Work to the Press, which your Ladyship is pleased to mention; and having a great ambition, that it shou'd be convey'd to your hands, I spoke to more than one Person to point out to me some sure Method for that purpose, but was not able to satisfy myself, before I was oblig'd to leave England. In this part of the World, I found that the War lay'd me under still greater difficulties to procure a safe conveyance to Paris: but whether any of my Friends, who knew the Uneasiness, which I had felt from these Disappointments, has been more happy in fulfilling my Intentions, is, what I shall make it my Business to enquire; and I surely owe him, whoever he be, the greatest obligations for executing in my Behalf a Duty which I was so earnest to perform, and which nothing but Obstructions, arising from these unhappy Hostilities between the Nations, cou'd have prevented me from having the Honour to fulfill.

But, Madam, what new Wonder is this which your Letter presents to me? I not only find a Lady, who, in the Bloom of Beauty and height of Reputation, can withdraw herself from the pleasures of a gay Court, and find Leisure to cultivate the Sciences; but deigns to support a Correspondence with a Man of Letters in a remote Country, and to reward his Labours by a Suffrage the most agreeable of all others to a Man who has any spark of generous sentiments or taste of true Glory. Besides these unusual circumstances, I find a Lady, who, without any other advantages than her own Talents, has made herself Mistress of a Language commonly esteem'd very difficult to strangers, and possesses it to such a degree as might give Jealousy to us who have made it the business of our Lives to acquire and Cultivate it. I cannot but congratulate my country on this Incident, which marks the progress made by its Literature and Reputation in Foreign Countries. My vanity would also suggest to me some share in this happy event, did I not reflect that your Ladyship's Partiality towards my feeble Writings has proceeded entirely from the spirit of Disinterestedness, which I endeavour'd to maintain in composing them. But the more I must abate of self-conceit on this occasion, the more I find myself oblig'd to redouble my sentiments of Gratitude and Respect towards your Ladyship, who have been pleased to confer so great an Honour upon me.

I am, with the truest regard, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient and most humble Servant,
Edinburgh, 1 July, 1762. DAVID HUME.

P. S. So far I had wrote in Answer to your Ladyship's of the 29 of May, when I was again honoured with yours of the 14 of June. Good God! Madam, how much I regret my being absent from London on this occasion, which deprives me of an opportunity of shewing in Person my regard for your Recommendation, and my Esteem, I

had almost said Veneration, for the Virtue and Genius of Mons. Rousseau. I assure your Ladyship there is no Man in Europe of whom I have entertain'd a higher Idea, and whom I would be prouder to serve; and as I find his Reputation very high in England, I hope every one will endeavour to make him sensible of it by Civilities and by Services, as far as he will accept of them. I revere his greatness of mind, which makes him fly Obligations and Dependence; and I have the vanity to think, that thro' the course of my Life, I have endeavour'd to resemble him in those Maxims. But as I have some connexions with men of Rank in London, I shall instantly write to them and endeavour to make them sensible of the Honour Mons. Rousseau has done us in choosing an Asylum in England. We are happy at present in a King, who has a taste for Literature, and I hope Mons. Rousseau will find the advantage of it, and that he will not disdain to receive Benefits from a great Monarch, who is sensible of his Merit. I am only afraid, that your Friend will find his abode in England not so agreeable as may be wish'd, if he does not possess the Language, which I am afraid is the case: for I never could observe in his writings any marks of his acquaintance with the English Tongue.

The French Nation will soon regret the Loss of so great a man, and will be sensible, that it is some Dishonour to them to have lost him. We were in hopes, that Philosophical Liberty had made greater advances in that Country; and such of us as have indulg'd the Freedom of the Pen, had need be careful how they entrust their Persons to such as profess these rigorous Maxims, and do not think that any Indulgence is even due to Foreigners. I assure your Ladyship that this Reflection gives me some Uneasiness: but I will not allow myself to think that I shall always be condemned to admire you at a Distance, and that I shall never have an opportunity of enjoying that conversation, of whose charms I have heard such frequent accounts.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

MONSIGNY THE COMPOSER.

MONSIGNY, who is well known in this country for his compositions in the *Deserter* and other pieces, died in Paris a few days ago at the advanced age of 88. The following article relative to his death is extracted from a Paris paper of the 19th.

"The justly celebrated composer to whom we are indebted for the delightful music of *Felix Le Roi et le Fermier*, &c. has just terminated his earthly career at a very advanced age. The scores of Monsigny, who shares with Philidor and Duni the honour of having opened in France the road which Gretry so successfully pursued, are remarkable for their *cheerful airs*. Gretry in his *Memoirs* renders this tribute of justice to Monsigny. Though he preceded Gretry on the Lyric scene, the latter, with the Lyre in his hand, first departed for the dismal shore. Henceforth united, these immortal composers may renew in the shady realms of Pluto, the miracles of Orpheus. The performers of Feydeau who are their *direct heirs*, (for ten years after the death of Poets, and musicians, theatrical companies pay no tax to the *legitimate heirs of authors*) are about to explore without scruple their numberless *chefs-d'œuvre*. We can

almost fancy that the composers of the *Tableau parlant* and the *Déserteur*, are now repeating in Elysium, that beautiful trio, several lines of which so well apply to the theatrical proprietors.

"*Nous vous nourirons.*"

"But these gentlemen cannot be accused of ingratitude. We yet remember the tears they shed in honour of Gretry, on the very stage of the *Opera Comique*. Their dramatic grief served to inspire malicious song writers with the following couplet.

Notre Amphion nous est ravi,
Nous venons de perdre Grétry,
C'est ce qui nous derole.
Mais tous les soirs, depuis ce temps,
Nous pleurons pour cinq-mille francs,
C'est ce qui nous console.
Our Amphion's loss all hearts deplore,
Since Gretry tunes his lyre no more,
And that's what makes us sad.
But every night since his decease,
We weep for a hundred pounds a-piece;
And that's what makes us glad.

"Whilst the performers are preparing for their interested apotheosis, M. Monsigny claims the regret of all who knew him, and has left behind him the reputation of one of our best dramatic composers: he was born in 1729. His funeral was attended by a deputation from the institute, to which he was admitted after the death of Gretry."

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

THE ladies of Albert Durer, and Berghem, were both shrews, and the former compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. At length, in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone: she weeded him back, and not long afterwards he fell a victim to her furious disposition. He died of a broken heart! It is told of Berghem's wife, that she would not allow that excellent artist to quit his occupation; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence: the artist worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping!

The wife of Barclay, author of *The Argenis*, considered herself as the wife of a demi-god. This appeared glaringly after his death; for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this, that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villainous a pedagogue.

The wife of Rohalt, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to seat herself on those days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air. So convinced was she that to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband, it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

Salmasius's wife was a termagant; and Christina said she admired his patience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew. Mrs. Salmasius, indeed, considered

herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as sovereign among the critics. She boasted she had for her husband the most learned of all the nobles, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and decided with a tone of majesty. Salmasius was mild in his conversation, but the reverse in his writings, as our proud Xantippe considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not pour out his abuse, and call every one names.

The philosophical world lament the death of KLAPROTH, the celebrated Chemist, on the 1st of this month.

Sir Gregor M'Gregor, whose services in the cause of the patriots in South America are so recent, is the son of the late Captain Daniel M'Gregor of Inverarderan, near Killin, Breadalbane, a very amiable man, and long an officer in India. His mother was eldest daughter of the late Dr. Adam Austin, a physician of great respectability in Edinburgh, and of the Hon. Ann Sempill, daughter of the late Lord Sempill, by both of whom he is nearly related to many of the first families in England. Sir Gregor is under thirty years of age.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

OXFORD.—The Congregations for Granting Graces and conferring Degrees, during the remainder of Lent Term, are appointed for Th. and Sa. 6th, 15th Feb. W. F. Sa. 5th, 14th, and 29th March.

The degrees are granted of M. D. on Joseph Hurlock, B. M. of Wadham; B. C. L. Mr. Charles Mayo, St. John's; M. A. Revds. William Wilson, Wadham, Grand Compounder, William Sturt, Christ Church, William Hopkins, Oriel, George Cuming Rashleigh, New College, Messrs. Edward More, and William Bradley, Brasenose; and the Rev. Henry Handley Norris, M. A. of Peter House, Cambridge, is admitted *ad eundem*.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the Bachelors of Arts commencement, 18th January, no less than 142 were admitted to that degree; of these, there were 37 from Trinity; 31 St. John's; 11 Queen's; Pembroke Hall, and Emanuel, 10 each, &c.

The degree of M. A. has been conferred on Revds. Edward Owen, St. John's; A. Burnaby, Jesus, and Thomas Manners Sutton, Trinity.

The Revds. S. Carr, B.A., and J.B. Graham, B. A. of Queen's, are elected Foundation Fellows of that Society.

The Mineralogical Lectures, by Professor Clarke, commence on the last Tuesday in February.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—Prince Blucher has accepted his honorary election. At their last meeting, H. Mackenzie, Esq. stated the progress of the Dictionary of Ancient Gaelic to be very flattering to Scottish Literature. Their fifth volume of Transactions is ready for publication.

GERMANY.—The Society of Emulation at LIEGE, lately crowned in a public sitting the successful Essay on the important subject offered for competition in 1813, viz. "*The destruction of the Plants injurious to cultivation.*" The successful candidate M. Yuart, Member of the French Institute, and Professor of Rural Economy at Alfort, was made an honorary member, and an extraordinary medal was decreed to him.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera of *Griselda*, or *La virtù in cimento*, has been twice performed at this Theatre since our former report. As it was brought out last season, we shall not detain our readers with an outline of its fable, which exhibits an innocent, sweet-

tempered peasant girl, married to an Italian Grandee, who has taken the whim to put her attachment and obedience to a variety of severe tests, including a pretended divorce, and the cruel mandate to dress, with her own hands, the nuptial bed for her supposed successor in the affections of her husband. All these trials she submits to, with a good grace and resignation truly surprising to persons of any matrimonial experience—*Oh si sic omnes!*—and, by way of reward, poor Griselda is once more restored to her Lord's bed and board, upon which the chorus very properly proclaims the moral

"Ed apprenda ogni altra moglie
Da Griselda il suo Dover."

the curtain dropping with a balanced whisper of pious "Amen's" and indignant ejaculations of "Stuff" from parties concerned among the audience.

The Music of this Opera is at first somewhat languid and heavy, but improves greatly in its progress, (as if the Composer, who, perhaps, is a married man, had gradually become sensible of the moral importance of his subject to the present and future generations,) so that, taken as a whole, *Griselda*, although not the best of Paër's works, is certainly a fine composition. The part of Griselda introduced Madame Fodor for the first time this season, on which occasion she was greeted with the rapturous acclamations due to so accomplished a singer. This lady, in our opinion, unites almost every kind of excellency of which the art she professes is susceptible: a beautiful voice, perfectly even in all its extent, great execution, and a chasteness of taste free from every species of mannerism and affectation. Her acting is equally natural, especially in the comic walk, in which, certainly, she appears to the greatest advantage.

Among her Songs in this Opera, she particularly excelled in the Duett with Naldi, "*L'Angel che sta sul nido.*" This masterpiece of Paër, she sang with the same feeling of chaste simplicity, which inspired the pen of the composer: and the Recitativo obbligato *Sà Griselda*, with the succeeding Aria, excited the delight and admiration of the whole house.

Signor Crivelli, as the *Marchese*, did not quite satisfy the high expectations which his previous performance in *La Penelope* had warranted us to entertain. He was not in such fine voice; and in his singing as well as acting, a sameness and languor were observable, which seemed to bespeak a dislike of the part, or indisposition. Mr. Naldi performed the old Shepherd with his accustomed humor and dramatic experience, although upon the whole his conception of the character was not sufficiently in low life. As a buffo, he frequently appears to us too neat and genteel. In the old Gentleman he is always admirable. Madame Pasta gains on our favor: she showed considerable humor in the part of Lisetta, and sang the scoffing Duett with Madame Fodor, in the second act, extremely well, although the scene was on her part susceptible of a stronger degree of animation and jealous spite.—Our countrywoman, Miss Hughes, appeared for the first time on the Italian Stage in the character of the Duchess. Her merits, as a Concert-singer, are well known, and as an actress in a foreign language, this *debut* was not unfavorable. In her comic scenes a tinge of affectation was perceptible, which no doubt proceeded from a desire to do the utmost justice to her part, and which a greater familiarity with her present line will probably obliterate. A Bravura, apparently interpolated for her sake, was much applauded.—The Basso of Signor Angriani in the elaborate *Finale*, and other pieces in parts, was effective and corrected: in his accompaniments he certainly appears to greater advantage than in single Songs.

The Ballet of *La partie de Chasse d'Henri Quatre*, produced last season, has also been twice performed this week. The story on which it is founded, has so frequently and in such various ways, been introduced upon the Stage, that the only novelty in its re-appearance is the loyal turn of ideas which has once more brought *ce Roi vaillant* into fashion with our neighbors. In point of composition and invention therefore this

Ballet has little to recommend itself. The Dancing is properly diversified and satisfactory, and the return of Monsieur and Madame Baptiste, who have prominent parts in this Ballet, has added considerably to the strength of the company. The *Figurantes*, also, are numerous enough, expert, and well trained. The mirror scene, in which Parisot once delighted the visitors of this Theatre, has been revived in this piece, and allotted, principally, to Madame Leon, who, with her "*double*," affords an interesting spectacle of Saltatorian tactics. This scene is altogether neatly imagined; for the delusive reflection is not confined to Madame Leon; several other persons who pass by the mirror, casually as it were, having equally their image repeated by these mimic catoptics.

FRENCH DRAMA.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.

FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "LA PIERCE SANS A."

In this piece, which was lately brought out at the *Theatre de Variétés*, the letter A never once occurs. It resembles the literary absurdities common in the sixteenth century, when long poems were written in which a particular letter was sometimes proscribed, and at other times compelled to appear at the commencement or middle of each verse. The authors had only to boast of creating for themselves a difficulty which it was no merit to overcome—*Difficilius nugis studere indulgenter stultissimum est.*

The author of the present piece, however, professes to have quite another object than that of reviving this barbarous taste. On the contrary he announced in an advertisement his intention thus:—"I have calculated that the vowel a is found in nearly one-third of the words which serve to express our ideas:—let us then prove the richness of our language by producing a piece from which that letter shall be excluded."

According to the story, Don Roberto, of Seville, has a daughter, who, from some circumstances, not explained, has determined to marry Don Felix, a gentleman whom she has never seen. In order to turn her from this fancy, Don Roberto resolves to introduce to his daughter, under the name of Don Felix, another man, whose business is to disgust her with the match. Don Felix, however, contrives to get himself introduced to Don Roberto under another name, and is employed as his agent for the purpose the old gentleman has in view. This sort of intrigue is common enough to the stage, and it may be supposed that its result, like that of every other of the same kind, was to be the marriage of the lovers; but the opponents of the piece were numerous and noisy, and it was not heard to an end. In fact nothing could be more absurd than the scenes which were suffered to be represented; and besides the insipidity of the dialogue, the performers were constantly embarrassed in their action from the fear of pronouncing the fatal vowel. One of the actresses on entering said—*Ces jeunes se sont amuses*: perceiving that she had violated the author's rule, she quickly substituted *divertis*; thus getting rid of the a without correcting the expression.

It is singular enough that the author, who styles himself a man of letters, should have commenced hostilities on the first of all letters, and seek to banish with *amour, beauté, graces, attraits*.

The audience naturally thought that *applauses* and *bravos* were proscribed by the spirit of the piece, and acting on the principle of the *Lex Talionis*, were sufficiently liberal in their application of *hisses* and *off* off.

GERMAN DRAMA.

VANDYKE'S COUNTRY LIFE. By professor Böttiger.

To make anecdotes of painters the subjects of dramatic representation has been frequently attempted with success on the smaller French theatres. This attempt has lately been ele-

vated by Castelli in Raphael, and by Oclenschlaeger in Correggio, to the higher class of Drama, nay even to a kind of tragedy. It was reserved for the Dresden stage to execute a piece of this description so intrinsically excellent, and so admirably got up, that the representation may, without hesitation, be considered as one of the most perfect that we have seen for a long time upon our stage. This was really the case with *Vandyke's Life in the Country* (Vandyks Land Leben) which was recently performed at the Court Theatre in Dresden.

Frederick Vint has adapted to the stage an Anecdote of the early years of Vandyke, thus related in the Lives of Celebrated Painters. Vandyke having been invited to Savellthem, a village in the neighbourhood of Brussels, to paint a holy family, as an altar-piece for the church of that place, fell in love with a handsome country girl, and introduced her portrait in the picture. At the same time he painted also the Patron Saint of the Village, the Bishop Martin, as a warrior riding on a grey horse. This was the horse which Vandyke himself rode, and had been given him by his master Rubens, at Antwerp, in return for some pictures painted by Vandyke, among which was the portrait of Helena Formans, the second wife of Rubens. Upon this simple foundation, the rich fancy of the poet has, in a masterly manner, constructed his plot. His object was nothing less than to represent the Roman school in continued contrast with the Flemish, and thus interweaving the dramatic interest with the pictorial (if we may so express ourselves) to furnish a Double Exhibition for the friends of Art,—(so he himself desires his piece to be called) with all the charms of an exuberant fancy. Truly a difficult task. The object of the poet being such as the majority of the audience, even in Dresden, cannot be supposed able to comprehend; the author is as it were compelled to inform his audience. The first act is therefore only preparative—a kind of prologue, by which the poet really succeeds in exciting general interest in favor of this new species of drama. On the rising of the curtain we find ourselves in the painting room of the great Rubens. The Raphael of Flanders is standing at his ease. Soon after enters Helena Formans his second wife, when we learn that Vandyke, the favorite of both, has indeed set off for Italy on his master's highly-praised grey horse, but has loitered for some months at Savellthem, charmed by the beauty of a country girl. A Roman knight, named Nanni, with his beautiful niece Paola, who is to take the vow as a nun, have been informed, on their journey to Brussels to visit Rubens, of Vandyke's adventure, and resolve now to dissolve the charm, and by arousing a better spirit in Vandyke, to reconcile him with Rubens, who is filled with anger at the fault of his favorite. The Romans write these circumstances to him from Brussels. Helena soothes the angry lion, and appeases his anger by flattery and putting him in mind of his mother. Paul and Albert, Rubens' two sons, enter, giving a living representation of the celebrated picture of the sons of Rubens in our gallery; a pleasing family scene completes the conquest of the painter's anger, and leads him to the determination to go himself to Savellthem. We now know the object in view. It is to disenchant Vandyke, and gain him for the sublimer walk of Italian art. With the second act begins the action itself. A Flemish church festival presents to us its motley scene of busy life. We recognise in the most diversified groupings the two finest Teniers of our gallery. The lively circling dance which Vandyke leads off with his mistress, Lenchin' Humprecht, the Justice's daughter, is interrupted by the entrance of the Chevalier Nanni and his richly-dressed niece, who, at the request of the Justice, fills a goblet of wine and presents it to Vandyke, to whom the whole village wishes to show its respect on this St. Martin's Day, the anniversary of the Patron Saint. An ironical doubt of the Chevalier's now first plants a thorn in the breast of Vandyke. It cannot be our object here to develop the progress of the action, scene by scene. We content ourselves with the assurance that the poet has completely succeeded by ingeniously-concocted motives, yet rightly deduced from the given situation

1 Lenchin is used by the country people for Helena.

and the characters of the principal actors, in leading the affectionate young woman to give up Vandyke, and the latter to depart for the great Temple of the Arts beyond the Alps; so that necessity seems to have dissolved the knot which was arbitrarily tied. This is the necessary and proper dénouement, every body will confess, who weighs all the circumstances, and carefully follows the poet, in the delicate thread of his artificial web.

It is doubtless no ordinary praise, when it can be proved, that in a piece where twenty-eight persons are named in the Dramatis Personæ, hardly a single one can be wholly dispensed with; and that the appearance of the most of them is absolutely necessary to the progress of the play.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

A new Farce (written by a gentleman of Edinburgh) called *The Spanish Inn*, is shortly to be brought out at that theatre.

The *Pictorial world* are now giving the last tint to their productions; preparatory to the Somerset House exhibition.

The *Musical world* look forward with expectation to the ensuing lectures of Doctor Crotch.

We shall from time to time present our readers with *Astronomical Sketches* from Mr. Millington's Lectures, at the Surrey institution.

LEOPOLDO SEBASTIANI, a Roman priest, is bringing forward for publication in England, a New Translation into Latin, of the Greek Testament, in which he professes not only to correct all editions, not allowed by the Church of Rome, but even the *Vulgate* itself.

The Royal Institution Lectures are about to commence for the season; on Chemistry, Mechanics, Ancient Architecture, Botany, Drawing, Painting, &c. &c.

The election of a secretary to the Society of Arts, takes place in a few days.

A new and most important improvement in the preparation of Flax will shortly be laid before the public, by which great saving of materials and expense will be effected, and labor provided for an immense number of those who are now without it.

IN THE PRESS.

Apicius Redivivus; or the Cook's Oracle.

A New French Grammar; by C. P. Whitaker.

The Club; in a Dialogue between Father and Son. Reprint, &c. by James Puckle.

NEW BOOKS.

Two Sketches of France, Belgium, and Spa: during the Summers of 1771, and 1814.

Transactions of the Horticultural Society. Part IV. Vol. II. Armata; a fragment.

Favorites, Beauties, and Amours, of Henry of Windsor. By a Verdurer of Windsor Forest.

Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiensis, 2 vols. folio; 2nd edition, with Notes and Additions, by Dr. Whitaker, 14 guineas.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Should Contemporary Journals glean from the pages of the Literary Gazette, we trust that they will have the kindness to quote the source from whence such extracts are derived.

All intelligence of a Literary Nature will be gratefully received, especially from Official Gentlemen connected with learned Societies and Institutions; as well as from Booksellers, Publishers, &c.

We have been favored with an elegant poetic translation from the German of Schiller; but have to regret that the pressure of matter obliges us to defer it until our next publication.

We are sorry to have received complaints respecting the irregular delivery of the First Number of the Literary Gazette; but request our Friends and Subscribers, should their own Newsmen disappoint them, to direct their orders to WESTLEY and PARISH, at the Office, 159, Strand.

